

# The Mercenary Marriage

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Summary: Young Mrs. Saito ran away from her husband's wealthy mansion through a wide window of the bedroom to a pre-designated place by Chikage.

## The Mercenary Marriage

\_\*\*A/N Hello everyone~ We are back with another story about  
\*\*\_\_\*\*Saito/Chizuru\*\*\_\_\*\* :love:\*\*\_

\_\*\*We hope that you will like this story, guys, and it will bring  
smiles on your faces!~ :highfive:\*\*\_

\_\*\*So now, read, enjoy and don't forget to review~\*\*\_

\*\*The Mercenary Marriage\*\*

Japan. 1889.

In the house of a highly-esteemed family of Tokyo there was an event that shocked the honourable head of the family.

"And you claim that you love my daughter," an elegantly dressed middle-aged man summed up.

"Yes, that's why I took this major step in every man's life, and came here today to ask Your permission for Chizuru-san's hand." A young man with intelligent ruby eyes reverently bowed to his host, who at that time took a sip of expensive Chinese green tea from his porcelain cup.

"In that case, my answer is 'no'," Kodou-san said calmly, eyeing the blond-haired young man with an icy stare. "You are brave enough in your speech, Kazama-san. Do you really think that I'm not aware of your bad reputation of a player and womanizer? My precious daughter will marry the one who really deserves it, and I have already found

such man. So, excuse me, and leave my house immediately."

Chikage had never felt so humiliated and insulted in his whole life. Yes, he needed this marriage only to pay off multiple debts and then continue to live in grand style as he used to do before. But the girl's father was an arrogant proud man. To restrain his anger Kazama bowed respectfully, as far as it was possible in his disgruntled state, and left the mansion with a firm intention to avenge his humiliation and shame.

It did not take long, because after a few weeks, almost everyone in Tokyo was gossiping about Yukimura Chizuru "a girl of noble birth, who was engaged to one of the most eligible bachelors in Japan, and their wedding would take place in the main cathedral of the capital in a month.

Chikage did not have to spend time trying to find out who was that "perfect party" for belle Chizuru.

Hajime Saito was a name known not only in Japan, but even in Europe. He was very handsome, wealthy, talented and knowledgeable young man. In his 26 years, Saito-san had made an enormous contribution to the economic development of the country. But because of the employment and permanent diplomatic missions abroad he almost did not appear at home. That was the main reason for Chikage for performing his evil plan of retaliation.

The first thing he needed to do was gaining young Chizuru-chan's trust, and he had to do it the way her shrewd father wouldn't find out about it. It was not difficult to arrange. After bribing a couple of hooligans to scare the girl on the street, and appearing before the lady in a role of a hero-protector by scattering alleged offenders, Kazama made an incredible impression on the aristocrat girl. Soon they became friends. Kazama unobtrusively interested in her personal life and upcoming wedding. When he heard from Chizuru that she had never given the opportunity to see her fiancé, and that she could not even imagine what kind of a person he was, the insidious blond solved the problem in a friendly way by comforting and promising the beauty to find out everything about a man named Hajime Saito.

The deep despair and sorrow crushed on the very young, sixteen years old bride, when her good friend told all the details of Saito's life. Chizuru could not find peace, she couldn't sleep at nights by tormenting with thoughts of her venerable father planning to marry her away to a man, who had a reputation of the last player, drunkard and libertine.

But her fears were dispelled by Chikage, who promised to do everything in his power to help her, poor thing, to escape the hateful marriage of convenience. The girl was so grateful to her faithful friend, the only one who understood her compassion and she sincerely agreed to do everything he would say.

The plan was the following: on the wedding day, when Chizuru and her husband retired from a magnificent event and head to the bedchamber in order to fulfill the conjugal duty and finally seal their marriage, by becoming intimately close to each other, the young bride had to discreetly pour the powder of sleeping pills in her newly-made husband's glass of champagne and make the man drink the content

before he possessed her on the rights of her husband. She had to use all her slyness to look calm, and her friend taught her some tricks courtesy. He even gave her the sleeping powder in order to fulfill the plan.

Poor excited Chizuru committed what she had been told, leaving her hated husband to lie on a hard cold floor unconscious without remorse. Young Mrs. Saito ran away from her husband's wealthy mansion through a wide window of the bedroom to a pre-designated place by Chikage. After seating the lady in a black carriage, the blond took her to his family mansion on a high speed. But the happiness didn't last long for the girl. Before she could cross the threshold of her friend and savior's home, Kazama's true identity decided to show itself to the world. His pupils were widened and therefore were like two black coals with a thin stripe of ruby iris contour.

"Stupid spoilt girl!" He hissed. "Do you really think that all of this little adventure was intended to help you to avoid a marriage of convenience? If it was in my power, I would not lift a finger and bother my genius brain for you, a girl that lives on everything ready and prepared. Those like you can't be called a person. And men see such beautiful dolls like you as a money bag, which will help them to live comfortably till the end of their lives, while getting a warm bed-warmer for intimate fun all along.

The girl shuddered like a little bird. Until now she had never heard the blond's hard and rude voice. The beauty slowly began to retreat, intuitively trying to be as far away from the man as it was possible.

"Poor Chizuru-chan," he said sarcastically, slowly approaching his prey. "You have no idea in what a terrible and shameful situation you've gotten. Betraying her husband by making him drink sleeping pills on their wedding night and then run away with another man, do well-bred ladies behave like that?

"B-but ... Saito-san is a horrible person! He is a player and a drunkard, and .." the frightened bride whispered bitterly, but Chikage silenced her, rudely and insolently pressing her back against the wall.

"It's me, who has such reputation, my dear. Saito, in fact, is a very beneficial party for you and he will be just perfect for the role of your spouse. He is like a knight without fear and without reproach. But it's hard to envy your current situation," grinning like a mad villain, the young man had shamelessly run his wet tongue down the girl's soft cheek. Chizuru struggled to break free from his strong and repulsive embrace, but to no avail. He was very strong. His rough hands tore an expensive wedding dress off her, revealing her chiseled shoulders and a velvety creamy skin. Kazama ruthlessly dug his iron fingers in the beauty's bare shoulders, leaving bright red marks. Mrs. Saito gritted her teeth not to groan in pain. A sadistic smile appeared on the blond's face. He liked to poke fun at her. Soon he would play with her fairly enough.

"You lied to me. You forced me to betray and dishonor my family!" Chizuru exclaimed angrily, barely holding back her tears of rage and annoyance.

Kazama grinned with a corner of his lips.

"Yes, and with this vile act I avenged your arrogant father. By manipulating you, my dear, I didn't just get even with your family, but also with the honorable Hajime Saito-san."

"I cannot believe it! You fooled me so masterfully, Chikage-san. You made me believe that you're my friend!" She whined in unbearable heartache.

Kazama grabbed Chizuru by her long flowing hair of dark-brown color and ruthlessly pulled it up, so that her head was in his power, and she could not move and was helpless in his hands. But the beauty confronted him in her last strength. She constantly kept on giving him slaps in the face, severely beating him with her hands over his face and chest.

"Stop breaking loose, Chizuru-chan! I promise to kill you quickly and painlessly if you give up and let me finish my grand plan of retaliation." The man hissed angrily and with that he brutally squeezed the young aristocrat's throat, from which she began to choke and turn blue from lack of oxygen. He was about to kiss her pale lips forcibly, but the sound of an explosion and a flying door forced him to interrupt his black intentions.

The room filled with bluish smoke. Chikage stopped, trying to see anything through smog. The next moment someone's hands tore the blond away from his helpless victim. And in the next instant, a vile aristocrat found himself lying on the floor, pinned under someone's heavy foot. The girl was coughing continuously and tried to catch her breath after a brutal strangulation. The smoke cleared, and Chikage saw several men in the room, one of which was apparently a doctor, who was now helping the girl to come back to her normal senses.

"How vile, Kazama-san. Gentlemen are not the kind of persons to use females' weakness to achieve their personal goals."

Chikage took the effort to lift his head and looked at the owner of the lead-like by strength foot and cold like metal voice.

"Sai-to..." the blond huffed.

"I have to admit, your plan was good, but it had a fatal miscalculation. My faithful friend and bodyguard saw through your nefarious plan. If not for him, I'd still lay unconscious in the bedroom. And you, Chikage Kazama, tried to rape my defenseless wife with impunity." Young Saito-san said the last sentence in a dangerously low and hoarse with rage tone, so Kazama felt like his hair on his head began to move in horror. He got really scared for his life. He felt like his skull began to crack from the strong pressure of Saito's foot.

"How?! How could my grand plan fail?!" Chikage simply could not contain his curiosity, he had put in the packet a dose that could lull an elephant for a few days.

"Very simple," the handsome azure-eyed aristocrat replied ironically. "Yamazaki-san - Bachelor of Medicine - has invented a medicine that absorbs all poisons and toxins. But it's not about that," Hajime sighed and continued in a cool tone. "Yamazaki-san, could you please

pass me the documents."

After receiving a folder from his friend's hands, the young diplomat addressed to the lost and furious insolent in a cold-blooded business appeal.

"This leather folder collects your discredits, Kazama-san. All your dirty works, debts, stealing, gambles, blackmails, kidnapping, everything is in this," Saito tapped his index finger against a thick black book, "folder. I would rather challenge you to a duel and pierce you like a mad dog with the blade of my katana without any remorse after those horrors you made my precious wife live through. But on the day of our wedding, I do not want to dirty my hands in your filthy blood. I'll be so kind and give you two options. Now choose. I can buy your debts back and prevent the strike of all your criminals and civil cases in court, but in return you will give me a receipt that you are agree to leave Japan forever and never interfere in Chizuru and mine family life. Or, you can stay at your beloved homeland for many years, but look at the clear sunshine from behind prison bars."

Chikage had nothing more to do but to accept the first offer and surrender in shame. Yamazaki-san walked the owner of the family mansion in the street in custody and took him to the port, leaving his friend and master alone with his young wife.

Chizuru stood with her head down, not daring to face the one, whom she hated so much just some hours ago.

"I'm sorry my mistress, it's my fault. If I was paying you more attention before our wedding and let you know me better, you would never have to face the terrifying events of this night," a deep and velvety male's voice pierced the awkward silence.

"Chizuru," the man slowly walked up to her. His heart was pounding loudly with anger at Kazama, when he noticed the deplorable state his wife was in. Hajime felt unbearable pain in his heart when his crystal blue eyes slipped down the slender figure of his priceless beloved: her wedding dress was savagely torn in several places and there were dark bruises on her shoulders and throat. Those marks on her young body had been deliberately left by a bastard. Sighing heavily, Saito-san took off his jacket and carefully wrapped it around her shoulders to warm the beauty and hide the traces of violence from prying eyes, and then he took her cold hand in his warm and secure one and brought it to his lips for a gentle kiss. The girl shivered slightly from a sudden sensation of his hot lips on her hand. But she stubbornly refused to look at him. She felt incredibly guilty in front of him. She treated her husband cruelly. And she had no right to look him in the eyes.

Saito-san decided to open his hot heart to his favourite maiden. He wanted to erase all the bitterness which Kazama left after his betrayal from her memory.

Hajime addressed to the girl in a very friendly and soothing tone.

"It may sound far-fetched, but believe me, what I am about to say is true. The moment I saw a twelve-years old you on a soiree, I have fallen in love with an angelic child at first sight madly and

hopelessly. I could not dare to dream, that your honorable father will consider me as a candidate in your husbands. How many times have I told myself that we have a big difference in ages, and you may be disappointed in me. But Kodou-sama convinced me that age is not an obstacle to our happiness, and those infinitely strong, gentle and sincere feelings that I'm willing to give you, Chizuru, will help me to wake up a mutual reciprocal love in your heart. My love for you had been warming my heart all those years while I was waiting patiently for your marriageable age. But I didn't have an opportunity to come before, as urgent matters required my obligatory presence in Europe. I will never forgive myself for the fact of involuntarily subjecting you to mortal danger and disgrace today. And now I just do not have the right to pray for forgiveness. After all, it's my fault you were in such a humiliating and life-threatening situation." With bitterness and sadness Hajime-san finished his story-recognition.

From the energy of her husband's strong and sincere words Chizuru, however unwittingly, raised her expressive dark-amber eyes and looked curiously at the man, who was gazing at her gently and earnestly. Only now she noticed how strikingly handsome he was. Yes, they had a big age difference, but her heart encouraged her persistently that she could live a long and happy life with this noble and brave man. He had been faithful to her alone for so many years. A unique and unrepeatable feeling began to bloom in her soul, the feeling that soon would grow into a beautiful white lotus. Yes, Chizuru had always been associating true love with that delicate and fragile flower.

"I have nothing to forgive you for, Hajime-san," she said sadly. "You are in no way to be blamed. I was too naive and trusting and unwillingly I stained your good name in shame. Forgive me," and the beauty was ready to fall on her knees in front of her husband and humbly beg his forgiveness in a deep sense of remorse, but the young aristocrat didn't let her carry out her plan. He didn't want to see her all humiliated and kneeling before him. Never! Hajime picked up his petite fragile wife in his hands in total awe and adoration and pressed her to his broad chest.

"Let's forget about all that happened today, and start our new family life," Saito-san said confidently, looking in her bottomless from despair, and at the same time wondering eyes.

"B-but ... I do not deserve your kindness," the beauty gasped in excitement, blinked her lush eyelashes.

"I promise you that no one will ever know about today's unpleasant incident. You have nothing to be ashamed of, my princess, I swear I'll do anything for your happiness and safety," he answered in sincerity and deep faith. With infinite love and tenderness Hajime clung to her slightly parted pink lips in a sweet and tender kiss, cementing his promise with that incredible gesture.

From his unexpected actions the girl's velvet cheeks won a telltale blush. The young beauty enjoyed the feelings of his touch and taste of his wet and hot mouth on her lips. Chizuru started to melt and relax in his capable hands. She really wanted to love her husband and be loved by him in return with all her heart. The girl mentally promised herself that at any price she would become a very good and loving wife to this noble man and she would be always delightful to bear his children. Chizuru looked into his azure mirrors of soul, and

saw so much affection and adoration for her in them, that the girl felt lightheaded in anticipation of those unforgettable caressings he would be generously giving her all his life. The beauty stroked Hajime's smoothly shaved cheek and whispered sweetly:

"I am all yours, darling. Forever and ever."

"Yes, you are mine and only mine. I love you endlessly, my angel. I promise you to make you the happiest woman alive in this world," the young aristocrat breathed out in hurricane of tender feelings.

The newlyweds' lips met in a new selfless kiss. Chizuru responded to her husband's passionate kiss with joy and ecstasy, burying her long slender fingers in his thick dark hair. This mutual kiss lasted for a long time and was deeper and more sensual than their previous one. The couple could not tear away from each other. They both closed their eyes and allowed themselves to lose their heads from those truly beautiful, sublime feelings and emotions that they were experiencing. Time stood still for them.

Chizuru believed in their happy family life as sincerely and strongly as her husband did without a doubt.

The young married couple stepped over the threshold of the Kazamas' mansion to meet their light, romantic future hand in hand. The wedding ring on Chizuru's finger was no longer a gift by her hated husband. Now it gained a completely different meaning to the girl than before. Now it was a symbol of eternal love and devotion to her beloved husband, which was put on her engagement finger by him. This precious ring Mrs. Saito would cherish for all her life. Hajime and hers love story was only beginning and would continue indefinitely.

**\*\*The End\*\***

**\_\*\*A/N So, this is it! Did you like it? Haha, we want to know your impressions, guys! :eager:\*\*\_**

End  
file.